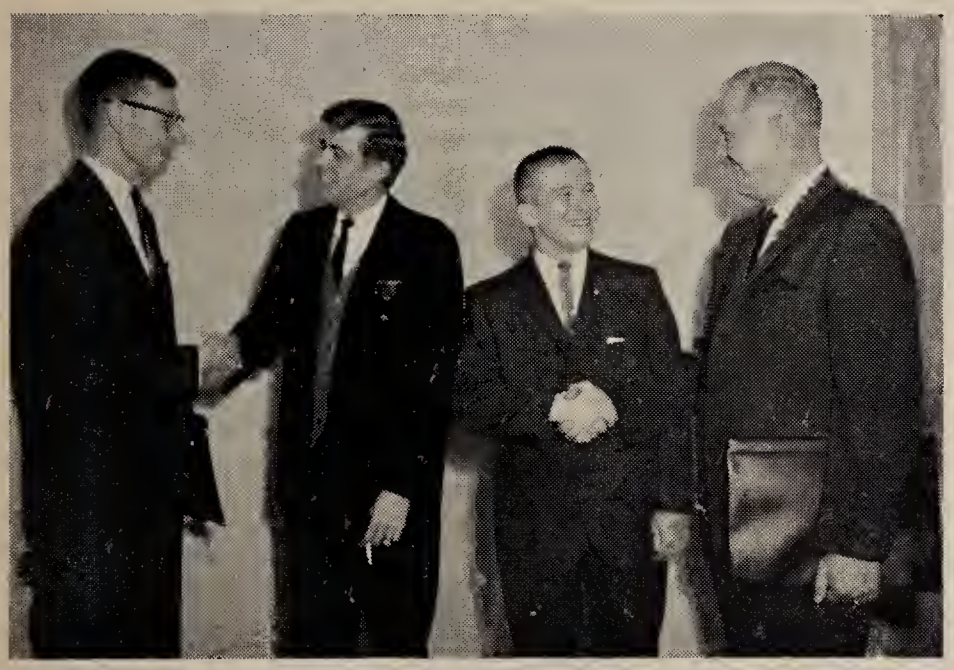
The Calumet BOILERMAKER

"THE VOICE OF THE STUDENTS - - BY THE STUDENTS"

Vol. 12 — No. 8 | PURDUE UNIVERSITY CALUMET CAMPUS, HAMMOND, INDIANA | Friday, May 14, 1965

PUCC WELCOMES LAFAYETTE OFFICIALS



(Left to right) J. B. Silvers, Mr. Hubbard, W. Babcock, O. D. Roberts.
Photo by Tokarz

O. D. Roberts, dean of men of the Lafayette campus, was the guest speaker for an assembly of students and faculty last Wednesday. The address marked the second in a series sponsored by the lectures committee of the Student Council.

Roberts commented on the problems encountered in the transition from a regional campus to the main campus. He also reflected upon the many activities available to the students when they transfer to Lafayette.

Accompanying Roberts was J. B. Silvers, president of the student body of the Lafayette campus. Following the remarks of Silvers, the two entertained questions from the floor concerning housing, fraternities, social life, expenses, and many others.

Notes were taken by both O. D. and J. B. (as they are called) on several items of concern expressed by the studnts. With the knowledge imparted to and secured from PUCC, the two had a very profitable trip. The notes taken will be presented to the appropriate authorities in Lafayette for action.

It is hoped that through such programs, visitations, and exchanges of information, the main campus and the Calumet campus will form a close liaison and that school pride and spirit at PUCC be increased to the point that Purdue Calumet is no longer a university extension somewhere in Hammond, but an integral part of Purdue University.

SCOPE ANNOUNCES WINNERS

SCOPE proudly announces the winners of our first annual bowling tournament that was held on April 3 and 4 at the Plaza Lanes in Highland. The total prize money was $40.00.

First place was captured by Jerry Sako, who bowled a 208, 203 and 166 for a series of 577. For this spectacular bowling, Jerry was awarded a check for $15.00. Second place went to Dennis Voris, who bowled a 189, 189, and 182 for a series of 560. Dennis received a ten dollar check for his fine bowling. A seven dollar check for third place was presented to Jack Michaels who bowled a 506 series. Fourth place and a five dollar check went to Mike White. Fifth place and two dollar check was presented to James Gedrich who bowled the highest game of 222 but slipped on the other two games somehow.

Dorthea Shauers received a one dollar check for the person who showed the most room for improvement.

Scope would like to congratulate all the winners and to thank all the participants and workers who organized and ran this first SCOPE bowling tournament. We would also like to express a special thank you to Tom Young of Plaza Lanes for his help and support in our first of many future tourneys.

J. N. Remich, Program Chairman of SCOPE

The Calumet
BOILERMAKER

ASSOCIATED COLLEGIATE PRESS ACP MEMBER

Published by the Students of Purdue University—Calumet Campus
2233—171st Street, Hammond, Indiana—Phone Tilden 4-0520

Volume 12 FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1965 Number 8

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Editorial Policy

As it is stated on the banner head of this paper, **The Calumet Boilermaker** is "the voice of the students—by the students." This is exactly what we intend to remain. We consider it our duty to investigate and mercilessly attack ANYTHING which is detrimental to the student body. We recognize our responsibility to the student body to present them the truth in its entirety without pulling any punches. But, at the same time we intend to be not only the voice of the students but their conscience as well. We will attack the wrong doings of any student with the same force with which we attack anything else.

This is more than just a policy; it is a pledge which we will stand by, come what may.

Editorial

It isn't a matter of "just one issue" when a periodical "walks" out of the library without being signed for. An entire volume is then temporarily missing.

With a few exceptions, PUCC students wouldn't dream of taking a book from the library with no intention of returning it. Yet too many must think that "just one" 25 cent to $1.00 magazine doesn't really matter.

Of the approximately 225 periodicals received at least 160 are bound on a regular basis. When one or more issues of a given volume are missing the volume is held in the library workroom (making it virtually useless to the remainder of the student body) until a replacement copy can be obtained.

The replacing of these can take anywhere from one month to several years. Many of the journals are published abroad and replacing them is almost impossible.

With the exception of the current issues all periodicals may be checked out of the library at any time during the day. Current issues may be checked out after 7 p.m. providing they are returned by 9 a.m. the following morning.

Sex and Purdue

Walter Hartmann

Someone suggested an article about what I think of our students. I am not sure that anyone cares—that is, outside the classroom, where of course it is frightfully important what I, the professor, think: grades and all that. You know.

In many respects it is obvious what our students are:

They possess, on the whole, academic ability above average (as shown by our test statistics); they are serious, about university work and life generally; they are delightfully obliging; they are strongly controlled. And they are completely undemanding.

And most of them clearly lack basic tools to make real use of their ability; they don't know how to be serious, seriously, about university work and life generally.

(Continued on Page 7)

NEXT ISSUE . . .

Some special surprises (secret at the moment). An interview with a special student. A "rundown" on next year's **Boilermaker** staff.

Commitment and 'Freedom' Brown

Last summer a friend of mine took a week off from his lucrative law practice to go to Mississippi, in order to do some legal work for the civil rights movement. He helped to try cases for the Council of Federated Organizations (COFO) and the Student Non-Violent Co-ordinating Committee (SNCC), the groups which have done most of the voter registration, have sponsored and staffed "freedom schools" for Negro youngsters, have, in brief, been the principle organizers of the civil rights movement which seems to be well on the way to changing the face of the South. My friend came back with a lot to tell us.

One of the things that stuck with me was his story of "Freedom" Brown. Strange name? "Freedom," who is not yet twenty, has been in and out of Mississippi and Alabama jails some seven times, my friend reported, doing both fairly long and very short stretches for such crimes as demonstrating without a permit, inciting to riot, and other such charges, all of which stem from his absolute dedication to the cause which he describes simply as "Freedom" . . . and hence the nickname. What is most interesting about this young man to me is that before he became involved with SNCC, he was just an average youngster, raised in one of the South's larger cities, living the life of thousands of young people—Negro and white. Nothing seemed to make him stand out from his fellows, until he made a commitment, a commitment now made by some thousand young people who have spent all or part of their lives doing what they believe is right in the South.

Commitment can have many different names. For the religious it may be a "call," for the poet or artist, "inspiration," for the politically inclined, involvement. The point of all these words, it seems to me, is really resistance to the syndrome which modern psychology calls "alienation"—that is, a separation of men and women from their world, their compatriots, their very lives. That alienation is a very serious problem in our time is testified to by psychologists and anthropologists and social workers. Such recent books as **The Lonely Crowd** and **The Organization Man,** such poets as Lawrence Ferlinghetti and Kenneth Rexroth, such novelists as Saul Bellow and such philosophers as Jean Paul Sartre and Martin Buber, testify eloquently to the existence of the problem.

The answer—no, I must correct myself—at least one answer which may be highly hopeful is that of "Freedom" Brown. "Freedom" has found a cause beyond himself, a cause embracing thousands, perhaps millions of others. He is a symbol of what I consider a healthy development in American life. Young Americans, it seems to me, who were described not long ago as a "silent" generation, are opening their mouths and eyes, are involving themselves with what Walt Whitman describes as ". . . the men and women, the multitude, . . ." On all sides of the political spectrum, young people are speaking up (the first stage in the U. of California's "free speech" movement was a complaint by other Republicans that the Goldwater people were too vigorously recruiting participants for the San Francisco convention at the Berkeley campus), young artists seem more ready to spurn well-paying corporation jobs to follow their bent, young scholars appear more willing to give up lucrative jobs for the sake of what they consider important research—all these things are still rare, but more frequent than they were just a few years ago.

These phenomena are, I believe, a hopeful beginning, a beginning that may spread until it affects enough of the alienated so that the next generation of psychologists will feel inclined to describe, not alienation, but commitment as the characteristic posture of the sixties and seventies. If this will be so remains to be seen. But I think it is worth saying that such young men and women as "Freedom" Brown have started something which will be hard to stop, and which may prove the salvation of the nation and the world.

Mr. F. C. Stern

Organize and Protest!

Well, the student council has again met and has finally decided to do something.

A protest group presented a letter to Dr. Elliott making certain requests. Most of these requests were turned down. Only one, letting certain students sit in on a Student Affairs meeting, was granted. Among these requests was one for a recreation area. The answer was that the student council had voted down the purchase of a record player. What the committee was not told was that the student council had made the same request before and that it had been turned down.

I think that if this protest group got together with the student council something new in the history of the school might occur, progress. The gripes of both groups are the same; the only problem was that neither puts much stock in the actions of the other. Neither has gotten ahead of the other; they have simply been pitted against each other. What is needed is some action to make the Administration realize that the student body is backing the actions and demands of these groups. Support protest!

The Adventures of Sally Purdue

As Sally skipped out of room 158, she ran straight into the opposite wall. Dave Strauser rushed immediately to her rescue. He helped her up, then gathered up her books.

"You'd better watch where you're going. Running into walls is dangerous."

"Well, it's my glasses. I can't see a thing with them. I'm kind of vain because I think I look horrible without them. I only take them off to read."

"Still you'd be better off without a concussion, than with one."

Dave gathered up the last book.

"There you are. I'll have to go now. It's my turn to run the car smash."

"Car smash?"

"Yes, the Circle K is sponsoring a car smash. We've got a Ford and a Caddy out back and you get three swings with a sledge hammer for a quarter."

As Dave made his way down the hall, dragging his mountainous brother, Sally dismissed the car smash from her mind. After all, it was a Circle K function! Little did she know that she would be defending the dreaded Circle K from a worse enemy! She did not realize that her super sleuthing would unleash a terrible force upon the region!

The hidden pick-up mike of Sally's in Jim Reader's car kept her informed of the horrible deeds of the Circle K, and also of a few other things too!

It was a Saturday night when Jim discovered one of the Circle K cars on fire. Sally rushed to the scene in her Allison powered Land Rover. Indeed, the Ford was on fire! Who had done this thing? What organization dared trespass upon the Circle K's territory? Thrush? Spectre? Scope?

Sally spent all day Sunday going over the ground and making oasts of the footprints around the cars. She immediately discarded those of the Circle K members which she recognized by the four ltter word carved in the soles of their shoes. The word was Chevy. They can't spell too well can they?

She very carefully checked the other casts with the shoes of various students in school.

"Say, what are you doing?"

"Oh, excuse me Mr. Hubbard, I mistook you for a student. You see, I was just checking these casts on your shoes. I seem to have broken six of them."

"Well, that's six fewer to check."

"Yes."

She immediately left the faculty lounge (left it messy is what she did) and headed for the Student Council office. She was in luck; no one was there. Quickly she changed the tapes on her secret tape recorder hidden in the mimeo machine. She immediately went to the library to play the tape back. She listened to the typically inane Student Council meeting and decided that no one could be that inane. They had to be using some fantastic new code! Then she wondered what Judy Macey was doing this time.

The Circle K had been after Sally for some time now. She had succeeded in foiling the bus to Lafayette and prevented the Circle K from gaining complete control here by aiding Walter Babcock in his precarious exploits, whatever those are!

Suddenly Sally heard that Jim Reader had been in touch with I.U.'s Circle K. What horrific scheme was in the wind? Sally decided to snoop around I.U. to find the answer.

As she passed through the doors, she saw a fantastic sight. Mike Waters (traitor) and Bob Waddle (another traitor) together!

She went into I.U.'s lounge and began checking the walls with her magnifying glass. Suddenly she discovered a note scratched into the paneling.

"Mat is a fink."

She decided that it was in code, so she ran back to Purdue to decipher it. It wasn't until Thursday that she finally got Mat. She realized with much horror that it spelled IRE!!

"It spells IRE!!"

She wondered if she was too late. She rushed back to Purdue's parking lot. As she went over the ground where the smash had taken place, she felt a cold hand clamp itself over her mouth.

"Ah ha, Sally Purdue. Well, isn't this sweet!"

Two hooded boys tied her to the lamp post, knowing she'd be killed at 10:00 when the students made their mad stampede out of the lot, and that her car was improperly parked and she'd get a ticket! She recognized the crude thought behind their evil plan as that of I.U. students and recognized their leader as Mike Waters.

What could she do? If the IRE got loose and went to bat for the Circle K, the campus would be lost! (Of course the IRE would remove that unsightly mess in Gary, too!) If the IRE didn't get loose, then I.U. would burn the campus to the ground as they had the Ford. And, here she was, tied to a lamp post, about to die, and get a ticket! Suddenly, something bit her wrist. It was one of the orangutans that lived in the back of her Land Rover. He had bitten through the ropes, and a pretty big chunk of her wrist, but she couldn't stop now. She rushed down Calumet toward Reader's house. She had to stop him from getting to Pat Coughlin and unleashing the IRE.

Being somewhat confused, she missed the turn and ended up on Ridge Road. As she looked eastward, she realized she was too late.

"I realize I'm too late."

In the twilight, the huge figure of the IRE could be seen heading for Gary with the Circle K in tow.

Lenny Brucecowiscz

THE RROF SPEAKS OUT (of town)

During the winter they didn't shovel the lot, now they don't cut the grass!

Is Cain going with Judy?

Is Judy married?

What does POA mean?

Does Donna like convertibles?

Why was Marty smoking a cigar?

Who is swiping magazines out of the library?

Better yet, who took the vet out of the lot?

Hubbard tips his hair so he can look worried.

Martha belongs to the POA!

Andrea is program chairman of the POA.

Hugh Heffner is against the POA!

I like bunnies!

Does he or doesn't he—only his mother knows.

Several girls have put a price on Tony's head—Tony took some pictures.

Yvonne admits that she has a very dark past! She also said that it would be dangerous to tell about it. So keep it a secret—please.

See SCOPE, they have one maroon Vet for sale—CHEAP!!!

Save your Betty Crocker coupons for Pam.

Jim Goranowski denies that he has a dark past! P.S. He is running for S. C. president in fall.

POA needs samplers for their customers.

Circle K is great — down with SCOPE!!!!

The IRE has returned!! Long live the IRE!!

The Ides of May is coming.

The POA is throwing a picnic, bring your own grapes.

Intramural basketball champs, the "Vice-Lords." Sitting: K. Goodwin. Standing (front, l-r): R. Michaels, R. Fayle, M. Kozubol. (Back, l-r): B. West, R. King, G. Gursansky.

The Sport of Beer Drinking

Beer drinking is not a sport? I should like to prove that, because of its generous rules, pleasant effect on the participants, and audience participation, it is one of the fastest growing sports.

First, **Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary** defines "sport" as "that which diverts, and makes mirth; pastime; diversion." A good, earnest, dedicated beer drinker will have diversion with his first glass, mirth with his third, and a glorious pastime with his sixth. Second, most sports require a group, because the spirit of sports is physical competition. Beer drinking also requires a group, because the spirit of this sport is verbal competition; for example, a competitor must attempt the greatest lies, have the meanest wife, have the hardest job, and recall the toughest war experiences. It also requires its competitors to act the soberest, drink the most, and "hit the john" the least. It is a sport that requires great fortitude of mind and body, and it provides the competitor with meaningful diversion.

Beer drinking will have an increasing popularity, because anyone can join the team; even the audience (teetotalist), considered as the antagonist in this sport, would be a welcome member. The team size is unlimited; membership is free; no physical exertion is required; dues are paid daily at the bar. A team member can have any physical handicap except two. First, he must be able to sip, drink, gulp, or swill vast quantities of beer; second, he must have at least a mild case of vocal cord diarrhea. If he has these two attributes, he is a member of the team in good standing.

The sport of beer drinking has many advocates because of its advantages over sports such as golf, football, baseball, or soccer. A golfer should walk long distances, carrying a heavy bag and accompanied by only one or two companions. A beer drinker finds walking difficult when he is carrying a heavy load, nor is he bored with too few friends; he has many friends, both in and out of the "bullpen." Football players knock one another about and can expect, at the very least, a shoulder separation. Beer drinkers do not fall until they have been separated from their senses. The baseball player spends a great deal of time competing in a hot, dusty stadium, retrieving a little ball, whereas the beer drinker competes in a cool bar, retrieving only conversation. The soccer player must propel about, a large, firm ball using only his head and legs, causing considerable immediate pain to these appendages. The beer drinker postpones his pain until the morrow.

The sport of beer drinking may not deserve a place in the next Olympic games; but its followers are adamant in support of their genteel sport. With an ever increasing popularity it may, someday, rival the most popular sport of all, sex.

—Dan Lynch

Words of Wisdom: To drive a nail without smashing your thumb, hold the hammer with both hands.

Bad Day At Finkville, U.S.A.

A play of inanities and assininities for a large group of fanatics in protest of the N.A.A.C.P. injunction against the use of blackface makeup.

This is written in the spirit of good, clean fun and sadism.

Imagine, if you will, a large theatre. Al Jolsen is appearing here tonight. Right now he is rehearsing. As he steps out on stage, and breaks into the first three and one-half bars of 'Swanee,' an official from the NAACP runs up with a court injunction.

"I am running up with a court injunction!"

"Swanee, how I love ya, how I love ya."

"This piece of paper says you cannot wear burnt cork or any other black face make-up while doing your act."

"Okay, wise guy. Just how do you get it off?"

About this time the manager groans and takes a pill for his ulcers.

"So you just ruined my act. What about tonight?"

"Taken care of."

Dick Gregory immediately appears out of nowhere and leaps on stage wearing whiteface makeup. The symbolic significance of this move is staggering to the intellect. An official of the N.A.A.W.P. immediately leaps from the ceiling and breaks his neck, whereupon a KKK member scoops a piece of paper from the hand of the official.

"This here piece of paper says he can't wear none a that there white stuff on his'n face. I think."

"It does not, it says, 'this lamp takes only hundred watt bulbs,' That guy was from the stage crew, not the N.A.A.W.P."

"I don't give a ----!"

Whereupon the KKK man pulls his hood out of his pocket and starts to burn the building. All is saved when his lighter refuses to light. (It was made in Alabama.)

At this point, the manager is crying for joy as a purple gleebis leaps on stage wearing yellow makeup.

A yellow faced harkcowiscz runs in with a court injunction and four veefelketzers. The manager is on the verge of a mental breakdown.

One of the aisle sweepers speaks up.

"Sir, how about teaming up Dave Brubeck, Bob Dylan, and Samuel Beckett to write an existentialist musical version of the Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire for three characters?"

At which point the manager wraps himself in a wet sheet and begins screaming.

Henry Millerski

Dave and Sandy "run through" a scene for the play Friday and Saturday nights—under the "thing" by the lot. Don't they look romantic there on the floor?

Cain's Modern Fables

Once upon a time, not too long ago, there lived a fairly well-to-do young couple. To show everyone how wealthy they were, they rented the penthouse in the most prominent new hotel in the quiet little village commonly known as Chicago. The penthouse was known to have the most beautiful view of the village of any of the 60th floor penthouses around. The reason for the fabulous view was that the penthouse was constructed completely of glass with full-length curtains in every room.

Though living in the penthouse brought them much esteem, they could not be satisfied without much more prestige. To impress their friends, they decided to give a big party, the object, of course, to turn their friends green with envy.

The party began as a quaint social gathering with the thirty or so couples enjoying themselves very much. After three hours, it became apparent that a few guests had had a little too much to drink. Within the following two hours it became apparent that everyone at the party had become drunk as a skunk. For kicks, some of the guests were dropping shot glasses from the patio of the 60th floor penthouse seeing how many pedestrians they could "nail" on the streets below. An argument broke out when one of the patio bombardiers was accused of dropping martini glasses instead of shot glasses, which just wasn't cricket. A fearsome brawl soon erupted and spread quickly through the penthouse. In no time chairs, bar stools, toilet stools and people were being hurled everywhere. So much glass got broken that the penthouse became unstable and fell from the top of the hotel. After plunging sixty stories, the penthouse crashed to the earth smashing all of the thirty couples to grease spots.

The moral to this story is:
People who live in glass houses shouldn't get stoned.

By Jim Cain

The Spectator

It's time for the kiss of death! The Chicago Cubs will finish first in the National League and defeat the Yanks in the World Series 4 games to 2 games.

BOBBY HULL of the Black Hawks is the greatest athlete alive. After seeing this amazing man in action THE SPECTATOR has decided that he would be an asset to any sport. Imagine the "Golden Jet" taking the ball off-tackle for a sizable gain, or driving in for "2" against the Celtics. Any coach of any sport would give anything to have him on the team; THE SPECTATOR would.

Well, our Student Council did it again. That intramural basketball tourney we had in late March could have been something really big if the buffoons in the Council would have kept their *+@#%$&¢†"&! hands out of the whole thing. Last year it was entirely in the hands of Coach Hayes and the Ath. Dept. and that's the way it should be from now on. I wouldn't say anything if the Council had helped, but the only help from there came from the CIRCLE K members of the Council while the rest sat back with their hands out for the "wampum" they were to get.

Biggest farce in baseball other than little league: Houston's indoor baseball park. The rules of the game state that the game ". . . shall be played on an open field . . .," and that dome makes that field anything but open. Besides, are people becoming allergic to fresh air?

Watch for the fight-to-the-death softball game between the CIRCLE K and SCOPE.

With our new basketball coach, PURDUE should really be KING.

U. S. COAST GUARD NEWS

The Coast Guard has announced an increase in the pay of most of its officer candidates while they are undergoing training at the service's Officer Candidate School in Yorktown, Virginia.

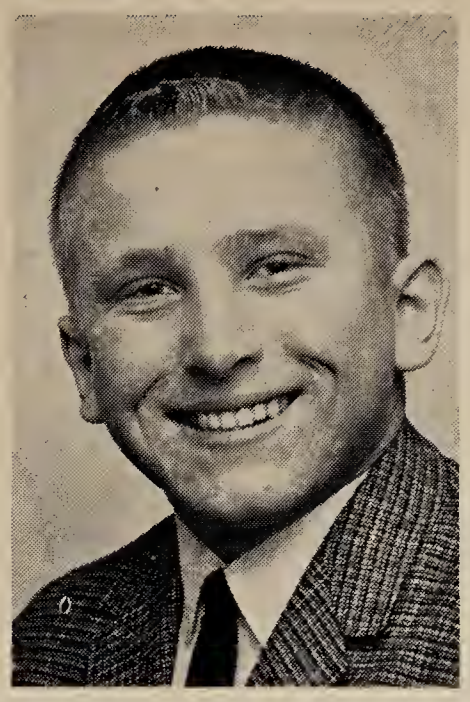
Under the new program, college graduates attending the school will receive the pay of an "E-5", which is the paygrade of a petty officer second class in the Coast Guard or Navy and a sergeant in the Army or Marine Corps. In the past they normally drew "E-2" pay, which is about $85 per month. The new rate gives them an additional $60 each month.

The Coast Guard's OCS program is open to male college graduates between the ages of 21 and 26. Successful applicants undergo a 17-week training program at Yorktown and then serve at least three years active duty as a commissioned officer in the Coast Guard Reserve.

Interested persons can get additional information on the OCS program from the nearest Coast Guard Recruiting Station, or by writing to: Procurement Officer, Ninth Coast Guard District, Main P. O. Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio 44113.

BYLINE

by Walter G. Babcock



It's coming! What's coming? Stick around, you'll find out.

So, what's new? Besides buying its own engraved stationery, Student Council made another breakthrough for student government. Thanks to the artistry of Harry "Rembrandt" Hubbard, an emblem was presented to the Council for its consideration as the official school emblem. The emblem, crudely described, is a long-stemmed **P** with an intertwining **U** and **C**. The Council thanks Mr. Hubbard and is proud to adopt the impressive design as the official school emblem of Purdue Calumet.

The Council has finally gotten the go ahead for the installation of a radio (AM-FM) in the student lounge. The radio has already been purchased, however, plans are also being made for the acquisition of a turntable and the building of a cabinet to house the equipment. When the system will be operational is not yet known.

Don't go away! It's coming.

Plans for the semi-formal have been discussed and the theme is "Spring Song." The dance will be May 22 in the first floor lounge from 8 to 12 and the cost is $2. Chairman of the most important committee, the decorations committee, is George Thompson.

Bill Fitzwater, Walter Babcock, and Chuck Hall accepted an invitation of the Lafayette Student Senate to visit their meeting and address their group on problems of the regional campuses. A liaison between Purdue Calumet and Lafayette was formed in order to benefit the students of our campus with some of the activities available at Lafayette. The trip was very beneficial as many suggestions and much material was brought back to aid our student government.

Stop! Don't turn that page. It's only a few lines away.

An activities award banquet will be held Sunday, May 23. Bob Priesol, president of the Student Council, is making the plans for the banquet which will be held in one of the area restaurants.

Student Council Cabinet elections will be held soon. Watch for information on the bulletin boards and in the Circle K **Bulletin.**

The Council is concerned with student complaints. New advances have been made in the powers available to student government. The Council requests anyone who has a gripe to approach it at a regularly scheduled meeting and to present his case. It is only through this procedure that we can be of any help. Second and third-hand information is useless. So, don't just sit back and moan and groan and expound on the impotency of the Council. Come to a meeting. It's your government and we're your servants. Let us know what is wanted and if it can possibly be obtained and is within reason, we will do our best to get it for you. The Council meets every Thursday in its office at 12 noon.

One word of caution. In the past, student councils have instituted regulations and privileges for the student body, but the students did not co-operate and the privileges had to be suspended with the reluctance of the administration to grant further privileges. Such is the case of playing cards. So play it cool, huh! No muss, no fuss.

Tune to WLTH-1370 every Friday at 12:30 for the latest in Purdue Calumet news. Just another program which provides the Calumet area with a WeaLTH of local news.

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—Scientists are debating whether or not splitting the atom was a wise crack.

CLASSIFIED

WANTED: WRITERS FOR THE BOILERMAKER — You need not become a regular member of our staff nor sign your real name to your article. Just put it in the "Articles to be Printed" box in the Student Council office.

(The **Boilermaker** is now offering a classified section. The cost of a classified ad is only $1.00.)

YOUR GOVERNMENT IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT!

by Judge Richard S. Kaplan
City Judge, Gary, Indiana

Many of you may remember that old adage, "The people get the kind of government they deserve." Never was that adage so true as it is today.

The real difference between a democracy, such as we enjoy, and a dictatorship, such as Communism, is that the people dictate to the state while in a dictatorship, the state dictates to the people. But no matter how noble our constitution expresses our ideals, no matter what we believe, we cannot achieve the greatness we should deserve when we close our eyes to what is going on about us and refuse to tell our leaders what we, the people, want of them.

For example: no one can tell me that our leaders were so blind and stupid that they did not know what was going on right after World War II came to an end. BUT . . . when the mothers and fathers of America began to demand that their boys be discharged and sent home, our government listened and the greatest armed force in the world was disbanded . . . in spite of the fact that we knew, or should have known that we could not trust Russia and that as soon as our forces were disbanded, her forces would be increased.

What we are trying to impress on you is the fact that when the people command, our leaders listen and obey.

Do you want an able and honest Mayor, Judge, Sheriff, Governor, Congressman, Senator, or any other official? Then you, the citizen and voter, must do something concrete to achieve that aim. You must participate in your primaries and elections. You must spend time, effort, and money to make sure you know who you are voting for.

On election day you must get out and vote for the candidate you are reasonably sure will fill the office honorably and well. Having selected and elected your public official, you must make certain that that official is carrying out your will, not that of a city or county political boss.

If your public official is not serving you, either honorably or well, you must raise your voice to the high heavens and get him out of that office. That requires fearless, honest people who are not afraid to be seen and heard. Once the dishonest official finds out that he can get away with murder, he'll rob you blind because he knows you will remain silent.

You as a citizen and taxpayer object, vociferously if need be, to the petty rackets going on in churches and civic organizations around election time and make certain that all organizations stop making demands upon candidates to buy tickets for this affair or that affair or to buy political ads for a program. This practice has become so vicious of late as to make it impossible for decent, honorable men to run for office, for this ticket selling and ad selling has become a petty form of blackmail.

Do you realize or know that in every campaign major candidates for public office in this city and county must spend up to $3,000 or more for dance tickets, banquet tickets, tickets for bingo games, bunco games, and other events or face the wrath of the organization soliciting that candidate? Do you know that every candidate can, if he doesn't put a stop to the solicitation, spend as high as $2,000 or more for program ads?

How do you expect honest men to run for office and be compelled to spend more money than they will earn in office just to be elected to that office, unless you are inviting that candidate to pick up some extra money while in office, if he is successful?

Instead of planning affairs for just around election time, plan it for after the election. Keep away from the candidates and if a candidate offers to buy an ad or some tickets, refuse to accept his money. (Churches and clubs are the greatest offenders in this respect.)

What we are trying to point out is that what kind of public officials you get depends on you. Stop tempting them. Stop blackmailing candidates. It is for you instead to help the honest, willing candidate by contributing something to his campaign whether it be cash or your personal services. He is running to serve you, not himself, for a truly honest, able man can never get rich in public office without stealing the taxpayers blind.

There are many men who have accepted public office at great personal financial sacrifice. Men have gone into the President's cabinet on a salary of $25,000 per year, who have sacrificed one million dollars per year earnings. There have been local men who have been willing to sacrifice $25,000 per year and more to accept a judgeship paying from $10,600 to $18,000 per year yet the voters didn't think enough of the man to help him achieve the office; instead they made it more difficult for him by demanding his last dollar for tickets and ads.

We might even point out that many organizations have demanded that the candidates pay for the privilege of addressing a group of men or women attending a bingo or bunco game ostensibly for the purpose of introducing candidates.

Yes, the people get the kind of government and office holders they deserve. Start doing your duty. Get out and investigate the candidates. Get out and vote for the worthy candidates, regardless of their party affiliation, for the welfare of your country is more important than any party label.

Write to your congressman and senator and tell him how you feel about certain events or certain legislation. Give him the benefit of your opinion and your thinking. Write to your state legislator or state senator. Write to your mayor, your governor, your sheriff, and tell him exactly what you think of his actions in office. Flood the office-holders with mail. Thank him for the fine service he renders and condemn him for the rotten services he is giving.

In other words, start playing an integral part in your country's affairs. Start running your government instead of letting your government run you. That's what the Constitution gives you the right to do. Then do it.

If we are to preserve our way of life, let us become a part of the democratic process and dictate the decisions our leaders must make.

PEPSI-COLA

THE *Light* REFRESHMENT

SEX AND PURDUE . . .

(Continued from Page 2)

Thus, I am very sorry about what their control controls; and their lack of demands scares me.

For it is obvious also that they are not content—they are tense, feel short-changed (with good reason), and are bored (in and out of class).

There appears to be a problem here. A psychological mess.

In part, this dull, sad, and dangerous state of affairs can be alleviated, if our students began to acquire basic tools: some basic English (especially reading) skills, so that they can read more and better and stronger than parts of the daily paper, **Time,** and **Reader's Digest** (and, with difficulty, textbooks); some basic semantics, so that they can start to evaluate and integrate what they read and hear (everybody's opinion is **not** as good as everybody else's); etc. And the title of this article was just to get you to read it.

But in part, I suggest, the problem lies in a strange and wide-spread confusion as to what power and authority are, who has them, and in what form and on what terms.

Students are so controlled and docile, so easy, not because they are convinced of the worth-whileness and interest and joy in what is being offered them, but because they have trained themselves to be very cautious. As a student put it recently: " 'They' (professors, administration, parents, 'society') have us under their thumbs," and we better not stick our necks out.

This consciousness of impotence, this knowledge how to adjust to power ("you can't fight city hall," "do I **have** to take this course?"), is right in the American tradition. Hancock, Washington, Jefferson, Paine —all these people felt like this. This is why the United States is today a British crown colony. The Boston Tea Party was remarkable for the quality of its crumpets.

Still, there is another fake American tradition: the suspicion and devaluation of all authority, the notion that "democracy" is fulfilled in general homogenized mediocrity. Then we drown in a soured milk of human kindness, dispensed by a society of "reluctant co-operators" (in Riesman's term). "I am just as good as you are"—said invariably by someone who is not, and knows it.

There **is** authority. Sometimes it is formalized (policeman, Dean, etc.); but finally it always rests on knowledge and expertise, on experience, on the civilized personality. This, by its nature, must be respected, also formally. But it also must always be tested and challenged; it must constantly prove itself. You must respect my authority only if my expertise, experience, or personality serves your purpose.

Of course, this implies that you must know what your purposes are—yours, not "theirs."

If the point is reached where people have those basic skills, and understand and accept their own purposes, confusions about power and where it lies clear up.

Take, as an example, the American university. Who are "they," who make curricula, set requirements, lock west doors, hand out tickets for parking in the most convenient spots—reserved for faculty?

Among other things, the university is a huge and complex organization, which requires for its functioning all kinds of set procedures and regulations, some of which are irksome, some inefficient, some superfluous. In any case, an organization and its procedures and regulations are means to ends. Institutions, such as the university, have functions. The university serves functions for everybody in society. But primarily it serves functions for people in the university. Who is that? Who **is** the University?

A moment's thought makes it obvious: you and I constitute the University—students and faculty.

Maintenance personnel; presidents, deans, directors, and other administration; secretaries—all are important, helpful, and almost indispensable adjuncts to the university. They smooth its operations. But they are, basically, quite unnecessary to it. And they have no power whatever, except that delegated to them by the university, that is, by students and faculty.

Sounds silly, doesn't it? How can you, or I, argue with the Director, the Dean, the President? Well, think about it: none of them can administer for two weeks **against** the Faculty or **against** the students. And they wouldn't dream of trying to do so. Of course, they may (in our case, they do) have authority, as defined above. But, as stated, this is always to be challenged, tested, and proved. And the administrators I know are in effect begging students and faculty to exercise consciously and constructively some of the power they in fact have.

In regard to students and faculty, too: in the classroom, authority is (or should be) mine—power is yours. Once the student acquires basic tools, trusts his own purposes, and then challenges and tests faculty's authority, we may yet see a university worthy of that proud old name.

Specifics?

Student riots? Demonstrations outside Dr. Elliott's office? Picket unpopular professors? Hardly (though it might be better and more fun than what we have now).

Specifically: questions, on anything that concerns the student and his purposes, individually and through (student) channels, from faculty and administration. Suggestions and comments to professors and deans.

A student council that, in this manner, takes and gives and seeks counsel. (Our student council does not even have a curriculum committee to study and transmit student needs!)

We exercise our powers anyway, whether we know it or not, whether we mean to or not. As Morgenthau pointed out, there is no way of not exercising power—we exercise it no less if we refuse to exercise it.

And if we acquire those basic tools, and if we get to know and accept our own purposes, and if we then consciously and maturely bring our power to bear, the probability of conflict and struggle is **diminished.**

But conflict and struggle may occur. And we may lose. And get our necks chopped off.

However, the USA is not a British crown colony.

Tea and crumpets, anyone?

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SCOPE Does It Again

by Jim Remich

The Student Chapter of Professional Engineers (SCOPE) made another field trip last week. We not only had a full bus for the Argonne National Laboratory field trip but also were able to return the fifty dollar check to the Student Council. (The check from the Council was for the purpose of underwriting any deficit that might have been incurred.)

"The Laboratory's facilities and projects are representative of the Atomic Energy Commission's national laboratory program and Argonne has emerged as one of the principal atomic energy research and development laboratories in the world.

"Argonne's products are the ideas generated by its scientists and engineers; the results of research by members of its research and development divisions are reported in technical journals, in Laboratory reports, and at scientific meetings. In a typical year, Argonne staff members produced 800 reports and publications; gave 500 talks for scientific meetings; and the Laboratory was host for more than a score of major international, national, and regional meetings.

"Argonne National Laboratory is oriented, staffed, and equipped to explore the nature and peaceful uses of the atom. Its programs in basic and applied research provide productive opportunities for many kinds of creative scientists and engineers. Its primary aim in pursuing its research and development objectives is to provide the kind of organization, the facilities, the administration and the stimulation which liberates the creative impulses and talents of every scientist and engineer . . . whether he is a physicist or a mechanical engineer, a B.S. or a Ph.D., a neophyte or an accomplished professional. One is permitted to do, and does, that which he is capable of doing. Each staff member is called upon to exert his capacities, to have and develop ideas for the investigation of novel problems, and to conceive and assist in the building of necessary experimental equipment. The motivations are to seek truth, obtain useful results and to achieve scientific recognition among colleagues and other professional contemporaries.

"The Laboratory is concerned with the investigation of every aspect of radiation. This may mean the study of the atomic or subatomic particles themselves; or their properties; or the forces between them. Some projects are concerned with the effect of radiation on various materials and others are concerned with the use of radiation as a tool for physical and biological investigations. Roughly half of the Laboratory activity is concerned with applied research; the development and engineering of materials and tools for radiation research and industrial application. The other half is concerned with fundamental investigations of radiation and its interactions, the forces inside atoms, and the forces between atoms."

SCOPE gets armchair tour before they get to see for themselves the facilities at Argonne.

I believe that this excerpt from a bulletin from Argonne National Laboratory beautifully describes the operations of the Laboratory.

After the trip was over, I interviewed several SCOPE members and found many typical responses. I asked Jim Siegel, "What impressed you the most about Argonne?"

After a pause, he replied, "I found out exactly what an atomic reactor looks like, how they are designed, and how they are used by the Laboratory. I was overwhelmed by the statistics of speeds, voltages, and costs that were associated with different projects. I was surprised of the amount of the work and research that goes on at Argonne and also surprised to learn that the facilities were available for use to many universities (including Purdue University) and many foreign countries."

Pat Thiel gave me another representative reaction to Argonne. He said, "I found the Chicago Pile Number 5 very interesting. Here they had facilities for measuring the speed and energy of an atomic particle (even a neutron). It amazed me that they could measure the speed of a particle that is moving faster than five miles per second (5 mi/sec)—a particle that even if it were standing still would be impossible to see even with the best equipment."

Jerry Sako expressed it very effectively: "I did not realize that there was so much involved in accelerating an atomic particle. It is strange when you stop to think of the amount of equipment that is needed to launch one of our rockets and then compare the equipment that is needed to accelerate an invisible particle (so that we can learn more about 'inner-space')."

Rosemary Johnson, who is enrolled in the computer program at our campus, expressed the female view: "I was impressed by their computer department where they had computers that could program each other, or designed other computers, or be solving two problems at the same time."

When asked if she would like to work there, she answered for nearly everybody, "Who wouldn't?"

Ronald Hansen (seated), president of the Radio-Electronics club, and Ronald Huseman, former president, examine the log of Purdue Calumet's ham radio station which is under the direction of the club. The club meets every other Tuesday at 12:00 in room 147. Interested persons should contact any of the club's members regarding membership. The facilities shown include a 1000 watt transmitter which is available for use of any of the club's licensed members. (As soon as the station receives its license, that is.) Post-Tribune Photo

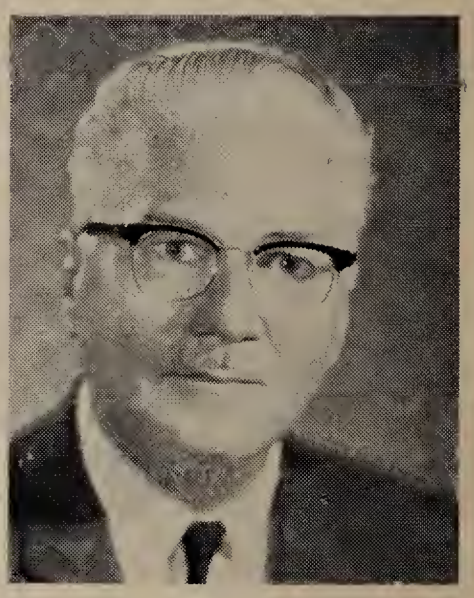
It's Our Lounge!

The basement lounge is commonly referred to as the student lounge. This lounge is rarely used for study purposes, but it used mainly for student relaxation and conversation. February 12, 1965, approximately 150 students were enjoying music from a tape recorder which had been plugged into the lounge P.A. system. Then three or four of our school's secretaries decided to visit our lounge. They quickly complained to the custodian that their lunch was being interrupted, demanding that the music be turned down. The custodian informed the players that the music was disturbing the ladies so the player accommodated them by turning the volume down to the custodian's specifications. Two minutes later he was back to inform the player that the ladies still weren't satisfied with the volume—they could still almost hear it. The volume was then turned down again. This made the ladies happy because they could no longer hear it—neither could anyone else.

Now I ask you, should three or four people have the privilege of detracting from the enjoyment of a group where they make up but 2 percent of the total number of people in the lounge at the time? There were no complaints made by any of the approximately 150 students.

We know the custodians are in no way responsible for this action and are completely exempt from any criticism. There had been a custodian present in the lounge most of the time that the music was being played and there was nothing said about the music being disturbing. It was only when the secretaries arrived that strong complaints arose. I, along with many others, honestly believe such complaints were unwarranted. It's our lounge, isn't it?

—Jim Cain



Mr. J. E. Udell of Illinois Bell presented "Microwave Magic . . ." on May 21, 1965, in room 107.

Dave's past catches up with him as Annie and Sandra watch. Be sure to see the Calumet Players this Friday and Saturday nights.